

Couch Gazebo Gallery.

built 1863-1866. Now 1867.

PROLOGUE

EUODOLINE,

Spoken by Mrs. Bentall to the Maiden

Queen, in Mrs. Chapman's

1867 Christmas

OMEN.

Omen-like us, we poor

Wretches, con men,

BUCKA Garden Dresser

**Ladies in us, you'll Youth and Beauty find,
And pleasure in me, according to your mind : -
And when you Eyes and Ears, are feasted here,
Why's no end make out the Short Meal, elsewhere.**

EPilogue

Bottle | [View Details](#)

*Especially Mrs. Reeves to the Maiden
Gentlewoman's Clothes.*

1990-1991
1991-1992
1992-1993
1993-1994
1994-1995
1995-1996
1996-1997
1997-1998
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2016-2017
2017-2018
2018-2019
2019-2020
2020-2021
2021-2022
2022-2023
2023-2024

How can we best support our young people?

10.1007/s00339-007-0322-2

10. The following table shows the number of hours worked by 1000 workers in a certain industry.

www.policenewspaper.com

...and the rest of the world.

www.babylon.com

orient Garden Drallery?

Oh, would the higher Powers, be kind to us,
And grant us to set up a Female house;
We'll make our selves, to please both Sexes these,
To the Men Women, to the Women Men.
Here we presume, our Legs are no ill sight,
And they will give you no ill Dreams ar night;
In Dreames both Sexes, may their passions eas[e];
You make us then as civil as you please.
This would prevent the peoples joyning too hard,
At which we are as much displease'd as you'll,
For all our Women, most devoutly swear,
Each would be rather, a poor Angels hand,
Then to be made a ~~Mammon's~~ ^{man} slave.

Prologue to the Parson's Wedding, spoken by Mrs. Marshall in man. Chappell.

AFee so many bad complaints we see,
The painful, labouring Age we live in;—
We, with our Poet, have prevail'd against
To give us our revenge upon the men:
Our tricks, our jesting, back-biting, &c.
They were were tax'd, for impudent;—
It was not our crime, the house for love,
When're we play now, 'tis againf you.

Covent Garden Drollerie.

We could have Acted, could but they have joyn'd ;
You know the fault, lies seldom in our kind.
Poor Simmers! their best parts are worn away,
And now they quarrel, when they cannot play.
'Twas somewhat better, when they did agree ;
'Twas old, 'twas 'twas a willing company.
Meantime all they their quarrels can attone,
You may supply their Parts, now they are gone,
We have no will not let us Act alone.
The Friends the Scenes, and all things here are free,
While this Play lasts, 'tis ours : and you and we,
Can join, and make an abler Company.
For so much every woman here affires,
The Profit ours, the Pleasure shall be yours.

Covent Garden Drollery.

Epilogue to the Parsons Wedding. ✓

When boys play'd women's parts, you'd think the
Was innocent in that untempting Age. (Stage
No: for your amorous Fathers then, like you,
Amongst those Boys had Play-house Misses too :
They set those bearded Beauties on their laps,
Men gave 'em Kisses, and the Ladies Claps.
But they, poor hearts, could not supply our Room
They went but Females to the Tyning-room,
While we, in kindness to our selves and you,
Can hold our Women to our Lodgings too.
Now, to oppose the humour of that Age,
We have this day expell'd our Men the Stage,
Why cannot we as well perform their Parts ?
No, i'would not take : the tender Ladies hearts
Would then their former charity give o're :
The Madams in disguise would steal no more
To th' young Actors Chambers in mask'd Faces
To leave Love offerings of Poins and Laces
Nor can we Act their Parts : And so to you
You'd find the cheat in th' empty Box
Well ; though we are not Women
We hope to have you Gallants
Which if you grant, and fill our boxes
We will return your kindnesses this way
We'll build up a new Theatre together you
And turn this to a House to entertain you.

A Prologue to Marriage Al la mode,
By Mr. Heart.

Old how resor'nd, and quiet are we grown,
Since all our Braves, and all our Wits are gone;
Those that durst fight are gone to get renown,
And those that durst not, blush to stand in Town.

Twas a sad sight, before they went from home,
To see our Warriors in red Wallcoats come,
With hair ruck'd up into our tying Room.
But 'twas more sad, to hear their last adieu.
The women sob'd, and swore they would be true,
And so they were as long as ere they cou'd;
The powerful Guinny cannot be withstood:
And they were made of Play-house Flesh & blood,
With their trickeys for double use ordain'd,
To spread abroad, the grinning honour gain'd,
And vanities, for all that stay maintain.
Now they are gone, tis dead Vacation here,
Nor neither friends, nor enemies appear.

Covent Garden Drollery.

Poor penitive Punck, now peeps are Plays begin,
Sees the bare Bench, and dares not venture in.
But manages her half-Crown with care,
And trudges to the Mall, on foot for Air.
Our City friends, so fat will hardly roam,
They can take up with pleasures nearer home;
And see gay Showes, with gandy Scenes elsewhere.
For, 'tis presum'd, they seldom come to hear;
But they have now take up a glorious trade,
And cutting Morecraft, struts in Masquerade.
Here's all our hope, for we shall shew to day,
A Masquing Ball, to recommend our Play.
Nay, to endear them more, and let them see,
We scorn to come behind in courtesie;
We'll follow the new Mode, which they bear,
And treat them with a Room and Couch wide.
For that's one way (how e'er the Play will fare)
To oblige the Town, the City and the Court.

Covent Garden Drollery.

Epilogue to Mr. Mohun.

THUS have my Spouse, and I, inform'd the Nation,
And led you all the way to Reformation:
Not with diff'nt morals, gravely writ, like those
VVhich men, of easie flegme, with care compose,
Your Poets of stiff words, and limber scence,
Born on the confines of indifference;
But by example drawn, I dare to say,
From most of you, who see and hear the Play.
There are more *Rhodolphis* in this Theater,
More *Palamedes*, and some few wives I fear:
But yet too far, our Poet would nor run,
Thought 'twas well offer'd, there was nothing done:
He would not quite the VVomen faulty bare,
But strip them to the wifie, and left them there,
And the Men's faults were less severely shown,
For he considers that himself is one.
Now, as touching wives, no bloody Sarvitor,
Will fret both Sexes, with less compliment.
I could lay the Scene at home, of Husband tell,
The wenches raking up their wives i'ch Mell;
And a brisk bout, which of them did want,
Made by mistake of Mistress and Gallant.
Our authour thought it was enough,
To give you all a sample of the Stuff.

三

Covent Garden Drolleries.

He spar'd my Shame, which you'll me sure, would not;
For you are all for driving on the Plot.
You ggh'd, when I came in to break the sport,
And set your Teeth, when each design fell short;
To Wives and Servants, all good wishes lend,
But the poor Cuckold, seldom finds a Friend,
Since therefore Town, nor Courr will take no pity,
I humbly cast my self upon the City.

Prologue to Julius Cæsar.

IN Country beauties, as we often see,
Something that takes in their simplicity,
Yet while they charm, they know not they are fair,
And take, without the spreading of the Smell,
Such Artless beauty, lies in Shakespeare's wit,
'Twas well; in spight of him, what e're he wot,
His Excellencies came, and were not sought;
His Words, like casual Atoms, made a thought,
Drew up themselves in Rank and File, and wot,
He wondring how the Devill it was such wit,
Thus, like the drunken Tinker, in his Play,
He grew a Prince, and never knew which way,
He did not know what Trope or Figure meant,
But, to perswade, is to be eloquent.
So, in this Cæsar, which today you see,
Tully ne'er spoke as he makes Anthony.
Those then that tax his Learning, are too nigh
He knew the thing, but did not know the name.

Covent Garden Drollery.

Great Johnson did that Ignorance adore,
 And though he envied much, admir'd him more.
 The faultless Johnson, equally writ well,
 Shakespear made faults; but then did more excell;
 One close at Guard, like some old Fencer, lay;
 To other more open, but he shew'd more play.
 In Imitation, Johnson's wit was shown,
 Heaven made his men; but Shakespear made his own.
 Wise Johnson's Talent in observing lay;
 But others Follies still made up his play.
 He drew the like, in each elaborate line;
 But Shakespear, like a Master, did design.
 Johnson with skill, dissected humane kind,
 And shew'd their faults, that they their faults might
 find, as all Anatomists must do,
 To the meanest of mankind did go.
 And took from Gibbets, such as he would show.
 None are so great, that he must boldly dare,
 Who both of 'em does judge, and both compare.
 Amongst Poets, one more bold there be,
 No man that dares attempt in either way, is he.

*The Prologue to Wit without Money : being the first
 Play acted after the Fire.*

Sir John Hawkyns's Passengers escape to Land!
 See look they, when on bare Beach they stand.
 Droppings

Courten Garden Drillery.

Dropping and cold ; and their first year scare o're,
Expecting Pamine, from a desert Shore.

From that hard Climate, we must wait for Bread,
Whence even the Natives, forc'd by hunger, fled.
Our Stage does homane chance present to view ;
But ne're before was seen so sadly true.

You are chang'd too, and your presence to see
Is but a nobler name of charity.

Your own provisions, furnish out our Feasts,

Whilst you, the Founders, make yourselves our Guests,
Of all mankind besides Fate had some care,

But for poor Wit no Portion did prepare :

'Tis left a rent-share to the brave and fair.

You cherish it, and now its fall you mourn,

Which blind unmanner'd Zealots make their scorn;

Who think that Fire, a judgment on the Stage,

Which spar'd not Temples in its furious rage

But as our new-built City rises higher,

So from old Theatres may new aspire :

Since Fate contrives magnificence by fire.

Our great Metropolis, does so far surpass

What e're is now, and equals all that was

Our wit as far, does Foreign wit excell

And, like a King, should in a Palace dwell

But we with golden hopes, are vainly seen

Talk high, and entertain you in a Shed.

Your presence here (for which we hombly))

Will grace old Theatres, and build up new.

A Prologue to the Pilgrim.

Mr. Author once was one that drove a Trade,
 Till pinching some odd customers (as 'tis said).
 Shop was shut up forthwith, and from that fall,
 Like broken Tradesmen humbly took a Stall.
 And sell to Cobling, all that he has done,
 Is to peice up what Fletcher had begun.
 He dares make nothing new, for fear some may say
 Then that he earnest, which he meant a Play.
 Suppose a Painter should a Story draw,
 And invent Postures which he never saw,
 With several looks, to one you may suppose,
 He gives grave looks, another a great Nose.
 Would you not laugh if one of gravity
 Should see't, and swear by this the Rogue mean me,
 Or one lead by the Nose something too high,
 Should set the peice, and swear, judge me that's I,
 Another figure may be finely dress'd,
 Painted with Beatsets and a gandy Vest,
 Should therefore a Gallant that wears good floss,
 Swear it was Painted by this son of a Whore.
 Thus you see, and now be judge I pray,
 Whether the Poet be infallit, or they.
 A Poet, from his fancy, draws alone,
 They that the like do find, make it their own.

Yee

Yet let them, at least, nor seem to know it,
But for 'out, the busines that they do will shew it.
Yet such perhaps may justly cry to day, as hold on
Hang him, he that finds fault with us, can't mend a
Then his him off, and let him learn to be a (Play
Wise, and grow rich, and leave off Poetry, and knowledge)



Prologue to Richard the third.

Rock up your Doores, and bring the Keys to me,
From henceforth learn to value liberty.
This day we Ake a Tyrant; ere you go to swichtowne,
I fear that, to your cost, you'll find it so boore with no Y
What early hast yo' have made to pass a Time,
To purchase Fetters: how you crowd to joyne
With an Usurper. He advise'd by me:
Ne're serve Usurpers, fir to Loyalty, cōsider my self
For you will find, at latter end of h' day, wyl you ride
It is your noblest and the safest way.
Who Nevers that course, deot fear not wind, or shake
He wants no Pilot, who has such a guide
Tyrants like childrens Babines in the world,
Put up with pride; still vanish in deface
But small Monarchs are preserv'd by force
And from thence theirre that their Commandement
To force riggity Roving, for a time, may mount
And seem t' eclipse the lustre of a Croppin,

Covent Garden Drollerie.

Yet a King can, with one Majestick Ray,
Disperse those Clouds, and make a glorious day.
This blessed truth we to our joy have found,
Since our great Master happily was Crown'd.
So, from the sage of Richard's Tyranny,
Richard himself, will come and set you free.

Prologue to the double Marriage.

Allans you have so long bin absent hence,
That you have almost cool'd your diligence,
For while we study or devise a Rife,
We like good Husband's in the Country say,
There frugally wear out your Summer Spise,
And in faire Jordan after Beagles Toot,
Or in Monnero Cap at field fares shoope,
Nay some are so obdurate in their Sin,
That they swear never to come up again,
But on their charge of Cloches and crat Retropoch,
Can command Stockings for some country Witch,
Whom the Summer had mishap
To have for Phylick for their Child,
Till shee by chance fforstely has chay,
And before, whenewsoe them they firste
In the reignes of Chaste and Posity perisht
In their Wives, they from Banquetts full engorged
Entertain with Nuts and bottle Ales.

Grove Garden Drollerij:

15

And in discourse wwith secreſy report
Stale News that paſt a Twelve-month ſince at Court,
Those of them, who are moſt refin'd, and gay,
Now learn the Songs of the laſt Summer's Play :
VVhile the young Daughter does in private Mourne,
Her Lovēs in Town, and hopes not to return.
These Country grievances too great appear ;
But cruel Ladies, we have greater here ;
You come not ſharp, as you were wont to Play ;
But only on the firſt and ſecond Days :
This made our Poet, in his viſits, look
What new strange courses, for your time you took ;
And to his great regret he found too ſoon,
Damm'd Bratſ and Illeſt, ſpent the afternoon ;
So that we cannot hope to ſee you here.
Before the little Net-work Purſe be clear,
Suppoſe you ſhould have luck ; —
yet ſitting up ſo late as I am told,
You'll loſe in Beauty, what you win in Gold ;
And what each Lady of another ſays,
Will make you new Lampoones, and us new Plays.

SONG.

Fare well Fair Arimanda, my joy and my grief,
Fin vain I have lov'd you, and hope no relief;
 Undone by your virtue, too strict and severe,
 Your Eyes give me Love, and you give me despair.
 Now call by my Honour, I seek with content,
 The love which is pity, you would not prevent;
 Yet languish in Love, were to find by delay,
 And that's more welcome the speedy way.

Or through battles, in Bullets and Fire,
 Through th' world, then in hopeless desire;
 My heart around you gave, though far off I bear,
 In your sight not to call you a Tear.
 And Flood, on a Wave should convey
 My Body, under your Window, my Body would lay;
 The wound on my breast, when you happen to see,
 Languish with sigh — it was given by me.

The Answer.

Her Honour and her right single left
the Hall.

B lame not your *Arminda*, nor call her your grief,
T'was honour, not she, that deny'd you rest.
Abuse not her virtue, nor call it severe,
Who Loves without honour, must meet with despair,
Now prompted by piety I truly lament,
And Mour for your fall, which I could not prevent,
I languish to think that your blood should decay,
The expence of a life though so noble away,

In Scars and in Battles that you did expire,
With effect of your valour, not hopeless delay
Of the Faire you assault'd, I goodness know,
Had given when I think that it cost you so dear,
But when dismal War, did your Body cover'd, on
My window wapp Funeral Rites for to pay,
I grieve your Fate, I could not reverse,
But all my kind wishes, I strow on your Hearse.

Covent-Garden-Drollery.

THEATRE-SIDE
*Prologue spoken by Mrs. Marshall,
to Philaster.*

Are Photogenes, have had so much confidence
We did believe w' had frightened you from hence
and plainly told the Poet of this house
Such wits, would ruin both themselves and us. W'
now they apply'd, we much mistook the age. I
do assure you, Madam, you'll support the Stage; &
Our Country will lose you best if you're
Some such women; and of them but few.

The most vicious amongst 'em will come still
Goddess of Virtue, though they may be to you now
The most vicious bairns wee understand, where's ill? & I
will bring you to Wizard Mafionne, who comes
from the Devil's Kingdom, which keeps em fine at home.
He'll tell you, Sir, what w'll happen, will his her crew,
And when he comes, he'll perform abounding. I
will bring you to the Lord of Misrule, he well knowes
What w'll be the strongest party of the town.

So you are vicious, never fear,
I will bring you to a full audience here,

Crown Garden Drury.

Our Poets this, & make themselves did fly,
And faith, by your appearance here to day.
They had they had reason, Confidence we're lost, nothing
on's alive since the best pleat'd when we abuse you,
And that's a Conscience, we'll here refuse you.
Your Follies, are so obvious, and so great,
Tis much the cheapest way w^t best to treat.
There's no delight we givd you with such ease,
Lord, why do they try th' Age is hard to please
When it will doat, on its own fooleries,
Men need not study much to gall you,
Since telling you your Faults, will entertain you.

Epilogue spoken by Mr. Marshall to **Philadelphia**.

THOUGH change all times, both Macbeth and fellow,
Women were never left, as we are told.
We blame the inconstant Gallants of the world,
but yet the Dir, is nothing to the Stage.
You leave us one, by one: they all at once,
And unprovok'd, our company Remov'd,
We put 'em to no Charge, no Justice,
No dimark. Gods which the Jeffreys
And yet they left us. And they dead
We had kept them fare, till they came to us,
Gallants, your Fathers wish on you, and us.

Covens Garden Drolery.

ours, of speaking, has the better gift,
bearded Prince's their concern could move,
Why may not, now, a beardless Prince make Love?
let should our lines, for youth, and beauty meant,
e o' Mine's blew, and withered faces spent,
We have all that modesty pretends to prize,
and what we want, is bid from vulgar eyes;
t is all one to us; but 'twill appear,
In such your cheapeſt way, to keep us here.

A Lampoon on the Greenwich Strollers.

Herbie M.

I.

(commence,

¶ Hail to you Powers, who have Rhymes at
For I faith I've a weighty business in hand. (sing,
of the late Greenwich Strollers I'm now going to
put all things in order----Hail, God save the King.

Item, item now put we off to the matter,
The 21st of October, the Rascals took water.
At the wedding at Greenwich they agreed that it was
to be called Fort Schiller, instead of his late.

Then

Covent Garden Drollerie.

3.

Then up they march'd to the sign of the Bull,
Where asking for Lodging, quoth the folks we are full
But we'll let you some for you, and so, with how whackie
Did's lid, ex's the Lindford, and enter the Beadle.

3.

With that their chief Actor begin's to twiddle,
Quoth he, pshaw now, let the Beadle go whiffle a bit,
For I can, and he did too, produce straight a Winner,
That had the Kings Hand and Seal, and all that im'.

5.

Well this rub of Fortune is over, but say, how's this?
They call for a Reckning, there's six Pounds to pay,
Now then, how James'd fortune, those Swallows do's
they have all their stock to pay the half dozen, (cozen

.01

6.

But promising th' Host ob's he should right it even,
He did it always every day, and his whole Fortune
Was clear'd off, om'st right, and now all the tables
Are turn'd up to go lye in their Play-house---a Yable.

C 3

7. This

Covent Garden Drolleries.

7.

This fortunate Stable had Faggots in it,
Which serv'd to heat all the House, but the Pit;
For that was more decently spread, I confess,
With Scrau, to secure 'em from horse-Dung and Pits.

8.

Now he that sat here had much the better place,
He broke not his Neck, though he wetted his Arse,
For by th' ill successive disposition of th' other
Folks Com, and they tumbled too, one o're another.

9.

I confess they had never a Scene at all.
The reason of the copy, they had th' original;
Their Windows being down, and most part of the
Floor would they want Scenes, when they had enough
of scolding? (though

10.

Now will we suppose that Monday is come,
And the Play is proclaimed by beat of a Drum,
You are supposing let it be 7 o'clock in the morn,
I know so more then the child who

11. .21

Its said that they Acted not upon *Monday*,
Something was wanting, and so they left one day's Run.
They send unto *London*, what's lacking is gotten,
And so on the next day, w'c all things did come to pass.

12. .21

The *Prizes* they took, were a Londoners gross,
A Gentleman's suit but his apparel cost not,
The Townsmen they let in for drink abus'd them,
The Schoolboys for peace, and the Seamen for scandal.

13. .21

On *Tuesday* at *Midnight* clock I was wak'd, I - min a - M
I fill their dootlumper and went into *Surfham*. > o & i o & /
Being enter'd an Adm'r's freight broacht me off, & i /
He'd a held my chal'cey bus I wa'n't such a fool to let it.

14. .21

The first chare appear'd when I was coming
(With her into her ankles) wherwhere I went,
She civilly made me a knave, and strangled me,
Retired to sit on her Fagots off state.

C

15. Then

15.

Then in came the King with a murtherous mind,
Gainst his now married Queen which when I did finde
I call'd him a Sire, and whispering in's Ear,
Desired him to fetch me a Flagon of Beer.

16.

There's twelve pence said I, take the rest for your pains,
Your Servant, said he, Sir, where Mr. ~~Hawkins~~^{George} A
The Majestys Right, & much necessity was civill, two T o'Clock
For he took up his Steele, and ran for't like a Devil.

17.

Meantime I addid my selfe to his Bride,
And took her into the tiring House side; tooke her by the
Armes, and in her which he did addle; in her bosome stabb'd
Instead of a sword, and then for a shifte w'm blod spach.

18.

But mark the fesse of her civility, w' h' sopp'd and rubb'd
Till she was red and boaster and then w' h' sopp'd and rubb'd
And w' h' sopp'd and rubb'd for fear she'd be Jacob.
I order'd the Drummers to bear a long Ache, w' h' on both sides

19. He

With us we go
Spare us for a while.

He beat, and he beat, but no Queen appear'd,
He beat till at length the house was all clear'd ;
By my Troth a sad loss, but to make amends
I threw 'em a Crown, and we were all friends.
And so this renowned History ends.

Not Waind nor Raine

SONG.

Maid, C-Haron, Charon, Come away, Fly
Bring forth thy Boat and Oar,
That I poor Maid may make no stay,
But row me to some Shore.

Charon, Who callst on Charon in such haste,
As if they suffer'd pain or smart,
I carry none but pure and chaste,
Such a true Love hath found.

3.

Oh / carry me within thy Bore,
I'll tell thee a true Love's Tale,

With sigh's so deep, when as we float
Shall serve us for a Gale,

Chorus. Come, I come, sweet soul I come,
Thy beauty does to charm me;
Come in my Boat, take there a Room,
Nor wind nor Rain, shall harm thee,

SONG.

And now I am within thy Boat,
I'll sing thee a true love Song:
My Eyes shalldash a sea of Waves,
To thyne Boat alonge,

What becomes of chaste heard hearts,
When virtuous did not pity?

What becomes of chaste heard hearts,
When virtuous did not pity?
I never did see our Baltic sea open
Since as late as November last,

A SONG.

I never did see a Baltic sea open
Since as late as November last,

A Song.

"Ince we poor flavish women know,

Like men we cannot pick and choose;

To him we like, why say we no,

And both our time and labour lose;

By our put off's, and fain'd delays,

A Lovers appetite we pall;

And if too long the youglier rays,

His stomack's gon for good and ill.

Or our impatient amorous Goer,
Unknown to us away may fleeze,
And gather them they for a Feare,
Take up with some confetti ready Mees,

When opportunity is kinde,
Let penitent women be to wome
And if the man be to her mind, to blood and bone,
Beside she do for her him goe.

The march is now made, is knowne by all the world,
For Love has only shew to shew at last.

For no one may gainsay how well he sheweth his art,

But if he shew when hee doth best, hee sheweth his art,

Soe shal hee be neare about to sheweth his art,

And when hee sheweth his art, hee sheweth his art,

And when hee sheweth his art, hee sheweth his art,

And when hee sheweth his art, hee sheweth his art,

And when hee sheweth his art, hee sheweth his art,

How many Lovers Poetry has got,
No Mistress by so many Rivals fought,
And sure to be so courted she's the first,
That was so very poor, and very curs'd.
All her enjoyments too, is but a name,
Yet coy of that, not safe in her own barge,
The vain Gallantries that unto Poetry,
Or Women do pretend, in this agree ;
Each thinks his Mistress sure, and in despise ;
Though he ne're hopes to gain her, swears he might,
An other Damsel Lover, with a simple purse,
Cry's he could have his wench as smooth as white,
Say nother, would I courst his rich mistresse, I
could show the world both Satire and Flattery,
The dice should not be high, and the other making
A better end to the Poetesse, am ween'd drinking,
And such scindlers we do declare,

That all the plaid they should be car'd to ch-Bair,
The plaid they should be car'd to ch-Bair,
The plaid they should be car'd to ch-Bair,
Who did plaid for the maid wic,
The plaid they should be car'd to ch-Bair,
The plaid they should be car'd to ch-Bair,
The plaid they should be car'd to ch-Bair,
For the maid wic.

SONG.

His Doggine is so affectionate,
His Saxon love will find him.

His affection is his specialty.

He loves his master very well.

IN few words I'll describe a Fanstick knave,
That smarles and knows not what he would have,
Pray mark but the tricks of this prick ear'd fellow who did it.

He'll kill his King, to preserve his cause,
Hang honest men in defence of the Law's,
And this he says is a leal cause.

He flies from the Scripture, and stands to the world,
Preferring the Gospell must come in by the sword,
But that the Devil is his good Lord.

There's nothing amiss.

He lives by the spirit two hours at least,
And when amendment comes he'll rest,
When once the spirit he is perfect,

There's nothing amiss.

**His Text you shall find in a States Declaration,
His Doctrine is an association,
Rebellion is his application.**

which no body can deny;

The little Blunder, and falls 'em the meek must inherit
Earth; but rather be guilty of Murder than Merit,
And shun the cryes up for the fruits of the spirit.

which no body, &c.

**Benefits of the Miner, but would strike at the Crown,
and stand for the publick advance and his own.**

Investment Stocks Up, and Surprises Down.

1. How can you distinguish between bidirectional and unidirectional?

• The right to be left alone

১৯৪৮ সালের জনসংখ্যা পরিচয়

Breakfast and a Barn does as well.

...and the people who have been here before us, and those who will come after us.

10. The following is a list of the names of the members of the Board of Directors of the Company.

1992-1993 CODING DRAFTS - 60

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THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA

SONG.

I.

Pride for the most part,
When we lose a Sweet-heart;
Will make us dissensible and seem to disdain,
The conquest which we, can no longer maintain.
But such was my Love, and such was my Lover,
That in spite of my Pride, I my Griefe did discover.

2.

Though short was my Reign,
Yet I will not complain;
When Pleasure grows dull then a Lover will leave
And seek fresh delights in some other place.
The Devil's in her that will have me still,
Still love, and still loves, when he leaves me still.

SONG

SONG.
dyos
f.

To her beauty I'll pay

I My devotions each day,
That all jaunty delights will me give,
Though her soul do expire,
Plumy like in loves fire;
Yet sumptuous enjoyments do lieve.

With I think Aerie spark,
Adoring Garden, or Park,
In Glasse Coach or Balcoby thus free,
She will vanquish all aeces,
With this abson Mecca and more,
She'll inc hewen on earth unto me,

Prologue.

SONG

I pay you double Peacocke I will tell you

What you will see, before this Cosmopolitan

Year will be over, in the City of Cilli, Italy.

To understand what I say, you must

turn up your Collar to Gulliver, and

you will see such scenes there;

One Poor old man, who has

He who comes hither with design to hiss,

And with a bumbawer's-dow whisper Miss,

To comb a Perriwig, or to shew gay cloathes,

Or a very Antick man loose with new oaths,

Our Poet welcomes as the Muses friend;

For hee'll by irony each Play command.

Next these we welcome yee to briskly dine,

At Lockett's at Jiffordr, or with Shataline.

Swall'd with Potage and the Burgundian Grapes,

They sit downe contented, and hardly nap'd till

In three ouer Four hours to conceive much harm.

For they pay well, and keep our benches warm,

And shooe off all frosty fayre, some Playes they do,

They do by Malbolge, not by Oulney, and Oram,

But when fiends Grind their shooes in their church,

They're crueler than the Tirannick Dunces,

And with roote Ale, do distroye each Society,

Their sinnes, and yet they the turbe of men,

They wrack each honest land; every honest man,

As if they'd find a way to creape all Wines,

They are the terror of all adventurers,

Folly objects of their hate and ire,

And like rude Common wealths they suffer,

Against English Playes, the Monocovatoys.

12. *Devant Garden Drollery.*

They invade Poetique Lisence, and still rail
At Rillyng which in duty they should vaille.
Yet still they' infest this coast to him for jeans,
To supplyment their Wits at Cisy feasts.

Thus much for Criticks: to the more generous Wit,
Our Poet Frankly, does each Scene submit;
And beys your kind Alliance doingage; ordw E H
Those Hogen interlopers of the Stage, diu bna

For pees l'ay: on h'p'le p'sonnes, ordw E H
O're Pocc w'cicoufes as the w'men in the
H'p'le p'sonnes, ordw E H
For pees l'ay: on h'p'le p'sonnes, ordw E H
W'cicoufes as the w'men in the
H'p'le p'sonnes, ordw E H
Epilogue.

O Urbanites, play, if you have bold ioye,
Shall be half Prologue, and halfe Epitoge. V. T
The way to hit and you're calle if we know g'd
a Jigg, a Song, a Rhyme or whi will do; b'ys p'ay
A w'cicouf, and rememb'res a good Play a
w'cicouf, and is shrown am'g yd r'ob'ven
This is this relation. Boe, there's not chinky i' a row off
Folke, who supposis you to be w'lf whi kn'z
B'ys p'ay - w'ch w'ld be yers agoe; diu bna
A few mytmes alredy, Iudice your beh'vour, diu bna
Mythen, fait and aborre, I dares say, c'w'c
A g' half a yore of Fullf'f, w'ch our Play i' b'ys p'ay
Beside it you'd conser't well, you'd find it
Y' h'p'le p'sonnes since rememb'rd timer, you'nd
Asse of your humours to lo of revery
That's our Comedy must need mincky.

For as you change, each Poet moves his Pen,
They take from you the characters of Men,
The Wit they write, the Valour, and the Love,
Are all but Copies, of what you approve.
Our's follow'd the same rule, but does confess,
The love and humour of that season less,
And every Artist knows their Copies fall,
For th' most part, short of their Originals.

A Song.

VHEN first my free heart was surpriz'd by desire,
So soft was the Wound, and so gentle the Fire;
My sighes were so sweet, and so pleasant the smart,
I pitie'd the Slave, who had ne'r lost his heart;
He thinks himself happy, and free, but nels;
He is far from that Heaven, which Lovers possesse.

In Nature was nothing, that I could compare
With the beauty of Phillis, I thought best to sing a song;
A Wit so divine, all her sayings did fill, above and below;
A Goddess she seem'd, and I mention'd her first,
With a Zeal more inflam'd, and a Passion more strong;
Then a Martyr in Flames, for Religion confess.

More Virtues and Graces, I found in her mind,
Than Socrates can invent, or the Gods design;
She seem'd to be mine by each glance of her Eye,
(As mortals might him as a blessing too high.)

Each day, with new favours, new hopes she did give;
 But alas! what is wished, we too soon do believe,
 With awful respect, while I lov'd and admis'd,
 But fear'd to attempt, what so much I desir'd!
 How soon were my Hopes; and my Heaven destroy'd,
 A Shepherd more daring, fell on and enjoy'd;
 Yet, in spite of all Fate, and the pains I endure,
 I will find a new *Phillis*, to give me a cure.

.
S. 2. A.

A S O N G.

L Over daring flight, is unconfin'd,
 No Lawes can reach his soaring Wings,
 More free then Air, or pathless wind,
 Or fierce thoughts form'd in a youthful mind,
 Above the power of the highest King,
 The Gods (if there were any more,
 To fond men Love) by him were made,
 His favour they did all implore,
 His Dates they all obey'd,
 Their deities by his, did shine or fade.
 The nations (one bold Heroes win,
 These are the names you admire,
 All the rest the World can glory in,
 By Love's assistance did at first begin.

Your Beauty's rais'd from this Prometheian fire :

Whom Love inspires, though dull before,

Becomes accomplish'd, Wise and brave,

To Conquer her he doth adore.

The glories which you have,

Your Lovers passion, and their prayses gave.

Then ask not how I dare aspire,

Before your sacred shrine to kneel,

And after my ambitious fire.

For were your Beauty, and your Title biger,

Love would betray the paths you make me feel.

If you are scornful and severe,

You add new Vigour to my flame,

And make it still more bright appear.

If I possess my will,

My happiness shall never spot your fame.

Though I should fear my greedy eye,

And ev'ry minute steal a Kiss;

Tast all those joyes men Idele,

Your summ of pleasures Hill as high would rise,

Nor would you have one charming grace the less,

But if your wifhes equal are,

In Loves Elixer you shall Range,

And by our Secret am'rous way,

That Pheasant seat we'll have.

Which all the grave World have sought,

With all the force of night & day.

Yours sincerely, John H. Proctor

SONG.

Eair was my Mistress, and fine as a Bride,
That is deck'd in her wedding Attire,
Her eyes do's protest, I shall not be deni'd,
And yet I dare hardly come ne'er her,
I seem'd to be bad, and she smil'd,
But though she did' t kindnes betray;

Then forward I go.

But was dash'd with a no,

Cowen's Garden Dralery

**High was my courage, but more my desire,
Which fed my addresses with force.**

That you could nor distinguish whose eyes had the
Or who had the pretiest discourse? Agreed, we will.
Agreed; We lay down and tumbled, so close as
Till both were weary of play,

SONG

From well-meaning people comes
the notion that we must "teach
tolerance." It is a notion that
has been adopted by many
in our society.

Evident Garden Dromary.

Bindone by your Taylor too strict and severe,
Your eyes gave me Love and he gives me despair
Now urg'd by your Interest Mock to keep me back
Far off from the range of so hopeless a fire, ad ad rapt
To stay near you still, were in vain to torment.
Your ears with a passion you must not connect,

High were my countings, past and illus'd
With many a woe which I did not then
To live in the Country with footles is less pain'd
Than still to undergo an unwilling abiding, bid odw : O
the cause of my exile, and far off like go
None of my sufferings you ever may know. And ill T
More than you could chance to convey
I've been your journey
And if you should find it should lay
A postscript to what was written by thee,

On Calliope returning to her Spring.

S O M G.
C V S

Love and Harmony,
The first of May,

Calliope did descend.

At her return, when all the world
Was in a joyful noise, -

She did the fairest spring

From her own bosom took.

Covent Garden Drillery

To Nero to a Hill retir'd,
When Rome by his command was laid,
And on his Harp contemporally
Play'd the sad City's Elegy :
As here, when to her conq'ring eyes
Mankind's a flaming sacrifice !
Calliope insultingly retreats,
And with her Voice and Lute, her song repeats.

3.

Her voice th' harmonious Swans admires,
And in attention half expire.
Catching the Echo of exultation, from the blos-
And drunk with Air, and almost drown'd in noise,
Charming *Calliope* ! thy voice charms me,
Even the passion of our loves,
Charm me yet more, that dying I may be,
A Sacrifice, to Harmony and Thesaurus.

Mary Tom of Bedlam.

Forth from the deepest melancholy,
And deep abyss of Hell,
Poor Tom is come to visit the World,
To see how man can live his life.

Couenant Gravidae Draffaryo.

Through the world I wander night and day,
To seek my strayed Sences, b'ring with a curse
In an angry mood, I met with Tommick Tammick
With his Peacock of illomenes, so greeful he was
A' day, a' day, a' day, a' day,

When me he spide, a' day, a' day, a' day,
A' day, a' day, a' day, a' day,
Not time will stay for no man, a' day, a' day,
A' day, a' day, a' day, a' day,
A' day, a' day, a' day, a' day,

For Harry is not common, a' day, a' day, a' day,
A' day, a' day, a' day, a' day,

With Rockes and with Jackes,

Off the trouble forme Shackles,

With this Way,

With that Way,

Cov'nt Garden Drollery.

Mars with his Weapon laid about,
But limping *Vulcan*, had the Gout,
His broad Horns did hang in't slight,
He could not see, to aim his blow aright,

Mercury the nimble Post of Heaven,
Stood still to see the Quarrel,
Gorbellyed *Bacchus*, Giant-like;
Beside a great Bear Barrel,

To me he drank,
I did him thank,
But I could get no Sider,
He drank whole Bottles
And split his Gums;
But mine were ne'er the wider.

Poor Tom is very dry,
A little Drink for charity,
Hark, I hear *Aldgate* horn,
The Huntsman whoop— and hollow—
Bowditch, *Ringsend*, *Roper*, *Jayler*,
At the Chase now followed—

The man in the Moon,
Bore powder'd Beefs,
Bore a glass of Cider,
Went to the Bear Barrel,

Coventry Drolery.

4. Song. 4. Song. 4. Song. 4. Song.

PHILLIS, the time is come that we must sever,
Long we have linger'd 'twixt kindness and strife,
And though we have promis'd our selves to love ever
Yet there's a Fare in Love, as well as Life;
So many jealousies dayly we try,
Sometimes we Freeze, and sometimes we Fry,
That love in Coles, or Feavours will dye.

2. But I could see no sign
Worth by our selves, and others torment,
Still in suspense betwixt Heaven and Hell,
Ever fearing, and never contented,
Either not loving, or loving too well;
Parting we did all in each others power,
And here's a witness of Sun-shine and Showring,
A sister, though sweet are its hours,
Whom Fortune did not make her fair,
And Fate any longer impure,

*Upon his Dead Mistress, represented
in a Dream.*

Unkind! And cruel fancy too!
Mocking my Sences, to renew
The mem'ry of that face!
Which (Death) tyrannically took,
On purpose he might gaze, and look up old scenes,
And all his empire-gradec: to 1570 lib 5/2?
For, as, wild fallen fettered Devils, do cry out and
Themselves by struggling, and pull out their hair,
So, my unruly grief, it self hath com'd, 1571 yoll 5/2
Which now, by fresher passion is enflam'd.

Were there but hoping from the Grave,
I woud tomorrow live a Slave.

And wait for her coming; or stile craftily
Or stile craftily my Breath in, with sigh's; if peond, and Ambrois de la Roche
With sigh's; if peond, and Ambrois de la Roche

be a larger & a prettier hand than all

An Epithalamium.

T Hough so many say that chance is
Sole disposer of our lives, and that man
Thrust our actions and our inactions, 22. 10.
In dire grand gives us Wives, 10. 10.
Yet the story here divine is, 10. 10.
That the reach of mortal Scene, 10. 10.
Hath's mistaken, whose design is
To prevent a Providence.

There was neither Birth nor Beauty, 10. 10.
Made these years Parenthesis, 10. 10.
Fixing accidents and duty, 10. 10.
Did, before deny the bliss, 10. 10.
Since they now embrace each other, 10. 10.
With a just and mutual fire, 10. 10.
May their passions never smother, 10. 10.
Or their spirits fail desire, 10. 10.

3. Happy

Happy be your first embraces,
 So to answer both your flames,
 That when either time defaces
 You restor'd be in your names,
 Prudence let your deeds concur all,
 Free from jealousy and rage,
 Death alone let be your Rival,
 And the challenge brought by age.

SONG

He beams of Lovers sparkling Eyes,
 Such strange irresistible power I find,
 They make their object sympathize,
 And feel the flames that fire their heart,
 If this were true, as reason seems to prove,
 You cannot be insensible of Love.

First active Element ascends
 Loves passion is defin'd a flame,

If then my heate too high pretends
 Ambition doth its truth proclaim. (move,
 Love sometimes bowes, though flames still upward
 So heavenly Cimbis did Endymion love.
 Love does of Life and Death dispored rowles or
 Commands us cheif in Court and Field,
 Then how can I a Pidgeon oppose? Yon let me
 To whom the greater Kings do yield.

.....

SONG.

Tow charming are thote pleasant pains
 Which the succfull Lover gains,
 Oh how the loyning sinnes giveth so litle
 From reaching high aevyng cyses. **T**
 Whiles a remouing of the heart doth
 Lovers helmeing plesant to the harts. **T**
 And lefft up the harts with
 This wete tunc. **T**

.....

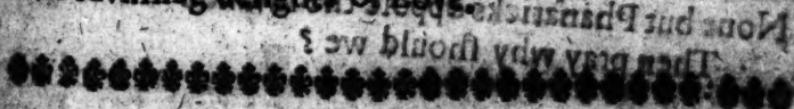
.....
 Now how the adive Pluse grows warm,
 To every sense gives the Alarm;
 But oh, the rapides and the quinsies! **T**
 When Love unites the melting palmer. **T**

Wim

What excites, what hopes and fears,
What pretty talk, and Amorous tears,

202

To these a thousand Vows succeed,
Oh then, oh Heavens! the world end
When Sense and Soul are both engag'd
Think, dearest mind, think on me,
And curse those hours we did not prove
The ravishing delights of Love.



C A T C H

HIS COULD BE NO BETTER

I AM THE MAN I

Jack drink away, I say to you no more.

Thou hast left a whole midge, said I.

Hang Wench and Play, said I to her.

There's no pleasure in it, said I.

Fare take to her glass,

Through the Night cold and grey,

We may all have a pass,

To the Grave before Day is nigh.

And in the cold frosty Grave, said I.

There's no Drink here, but Drink none,

Nor is not Woman's care we have,

Nor hollow-bone worms that flinch,

Nor can thy own health, and beauty, do't.

THEATRE, BOX OFFICE, & CO., LTD., 10, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C. 2.

SONG.

China, you see ! how I do mind
How from Court the new fashion,
Has conquer'd the Nation.
All lovers must be
None but Phanticks oppose the invasion.
Then pray why should we ?

2.

Hung conscience and fear,
I am secret and loyal,
No envious espyal
Shall frightened my Dear,
That blushing was so sweet, I can take no denial,
Nor longer forbear.

Nay strive not in vain,
I'ld o'recome her with skill,
Such pleasing as this is,
Would make Love again
Proud of his high race, no paragon of our blisses,
Who who can blushing,

4.

O these are the sweets,
 Which none can discover,
 But the secret lover ;
 Great Caesar ne'er meets
 A joy more sublime ; though he is first mover,
 To Love he submits.

A Song.

In vain my dear Muse, you gaily refuse,
 What Nature and Love do inspire,
 That formal old way, which your Mother did use,
 Can never confine the desire ;
 It rather adds Oyl to the Fire.

When the tempting dialogue of Wooing we join,
 And the fires a-dovey become,
 We both shall appear, like some dead lovers dropp'd
 To frighten each other from home,
 And the general Bed like a Tomb.

Now low is your face, your fondly Lov'd will be
 And seek a new Face in your eyes,
 On whom to smile, will she be
 And all her pride demands to be
 The fairest of the Fair and fairest.

4

To love, and each other we'll ever be true;
But, to raise our enjoyments by Art,
We'll often fall out, and often review:
For to wound, and to cure the heart,
Is the pleasure which captivates me.

Q N G S e e M a i n u y o c k W a l e
A l l t h e N a t u r e s a p e I o v e o b i g i e s,
I n t h e f o r e s t s t i l l n e s s , a n d m o v e l a r g e t o d i s p a i n
I n t h e f o r e s t s t i l l n e s s , a n d m o v e l a r g e t o d i s p a i n
C o u n t e s her C y r o n , and rephyes wicke a Song,
C o u n t e s her C yr o n , and rephyes wicke a Song,
W e r e d o g G o o d f o r I o v e , o m u s l o w l d . W h o d o u l d
W e r e d o g G o o d f o r I o v e , o m u s l o w l d . W h o d o u l d
T o d a y a n d e v e r o f t o d a y , like l o w e d e z d f o r a z C o o l
T o d a y a n d e v e r o f t o d a y , like l o w e d e z d f o r a z C o o l
W h y w i l l I w r i t t h e S l a v e a t t h e d o o r ,

No more shall thy frown or free humour persuade,
To court the fair Idols my fancy hath made ;
When thy Saints so neglected their follies give o're,
Thy critic's lost, and thy beautie's no more.

Note. See *Two Valesian Poets*.

How wretched are the viewers of flowers in full bloom,
When blight'd by hope, or oppress'd by disdain ?
Too sooner my *Daphne* bright eyes I review,
Or with her gone, and I gone am, too.

How often will I weep, I will not say how long,
But the God-keepers of the world are gone,
And this to me is new, that all the world is gone,
On whom I may depend, in hope of grace, or



SONG. *With a Ballad of the same Title.*

VVVVVV. *This song much easier & more graceful Swarms,* *With your faithless Vowes have cured your pains.*

VVVVV. *Swear'd by those, your perjuries betray'd,*
That were false, or else may so be made;
An ev'ry smile or pleasing word proclaims,
The cold Nymph, an offering to your flames.

VVVVVV. *With a Ballad of the same Title.*

VVVVVV. *She heard know that now's the time,*
No more for my banish'd Crime;
I've seal'd Vowes with me less credit had,
Then Smiling Seats, or the uncertain Wind.

VVVVVV. *Or Sight's, and frequent Testis, as things of course,*
Common are, that they have lost their force.

"*My jealous Truth, will best appear,*
Distract in doubt, and guilty fear.

"*When all the bear and cruel Tongue condemn,*
The face disordered, and the eyes reverse,

"*And dark Confusion blazes the Flame-flame,*
So Stars are best discerned through shades of night.

One stolne look, can better woe,
Then Sigh's, and Tears, and Vowes, can do.
The falleſt tears, like empty vehicles sound,
But may thy feign'd become a real wound
That thy ſeverer penance may declare,
How great men's crimes, and women's vices are.

A Poem.

Fairest Clarissa, when you read,
This rudeness of my mornings Music,
My Pardon, let my Paſſion plead :
But how can Guilt a Crime excuse.
Then to your goodness only, I appeal,
The Wounds your Juſtice makes, let Piety heal.

I court Occation but in vain,
My reſleſs paſſion to relate,
From your entrancing Lips to gain,
The knowledge of my doubtfull Face.
You are my ſacred Oracle, from whom,
The ſentience of my Life, or Death, muſt come.

Prophetic influence of Stars,
Henceforth I will no longer prize,

Not search the face of Peace or Wars,
But in your more resplendant Eyes.

If you but smile, Fate cannot cast me down;
So highest joyes will vanish when you frown.

Nature wants Language to impart,
The real Paradise of bliss,
With which your smiles possesse my heart;
If there be Heaven on Earth, tis this.

If I had all mans boundless wish would have,
I'de flieht whole Empires, to become your Slave,

How redious six short Sun's appear.

Which vail your Beauty from my sight,
Each flying minute seemes a year;
An Age is shorter then a Night.

But when dull time, the long wih'd day has brought,
The treacherous hours out fly the swiftest thought,
Impatience ne'r revealed my love,

To silent Streams or whispering Air.

I trist no melancholy Grove,

With Echoes of my sad despair.

Friendship and Duty lose their interest here,

To none----but you, my passion shall appear,

All human actions must obey,

The sure decrees of powerfull Fate,

From their prescriptions none can stray;

Nor of themselves or love or hate,

We must, or must not, tis designed above;
Perhaps my Fate must be, to dye for Love.

On his Mistress going from home.

SONG.

SO does the Sun withdraw his Beams;
From off the Northern coasts and streams,
When Clouds and Frostes come,
And leaves the melancholly Slaves
Stupid and dull, at their Graves,
Till he their joys renew.
Those that in Greenland, followed Game
Toodays, and found when back they came,
Their Shipping gon, believed they must dye
E're Succor came; but yet more blest than I.

2.

How soon our happyness does fly,
Like Sounds, which with their Echoes eye
And leave us in a Trance,
Bewailing we had enjoy'd,
The blessing, since tis still destroyed.

By some unhappy chance,
Why should the spiteful stars agree,
To vex and mock mortality?
For thus, like Traytors which in darkness lie,
We are only brought into the light to dye.

38

In dreams things are not as they seem.
Else, what's fruition but a dream?

When the possessions past?
Alas! to say we were, we had,
In poor content, and even as bad
As if we had ne're had east.
Fire in great frosts, small time possess,
Produces pain instead of relief,
So does the short enjoyment of such bliss
And, till restored, continual torment us.

SONG.

THose tricks, and bowes,
And amorous vows,
Tie fit, and never will need 'em;
For he that's taken with Poppy shower,
Never knew the price of freedome,

Covent Garden Drillery.

2.

I defie the thoughts of loving,

Approving

'Tis a crime, ill and basse or levoleste,
I like to see it pass, I like to see it go.

For my fanci's alwayes moving
To the vain expence of time,
And weare his woorke
To let him have sport.

3.

All the wisest count it folly,
To this affaire Knewe to come.

Nor shall I

Be so mad

To be rul'd by Melancholy,

Or any effect as bad as this will do to me.

But I'll have my mind, be it ever so wry,

Still unconfin'd, - To, to, to, to, to,

And my thoughts as free, Ay, ay, ay,

My humour still rove with the wind,

And never know Lovers care.

SONG.

Since 'tis now become a fashion
To court all with equall passion,
And admires, now do prove
There is as well in love,
As in blood, a circulation.

2. 17

I'me resolved to stand the fally,
Of the subtlest Lovers folly ;
And when his vowes are out,
To let him move about
To his other Kate, or Molley.

Though I can allow his courting, &c. O
For my present fancies sporting ;
Yet I never will admit But I'll prove my
A Passion, Love, or Wit, Still upon you
Without some years supporting, And when the world
4.

If his humour sympathizes
With the same that mine adviles
Be he pleasant as he will,
I'll answer it ; but still
Keep a guard against surprise,

SONG.

*Floty yet sweetly. All the
floddy volpidly and al-*

At the sight of my Phillis from every part,
A spring-tide of joy, does flow up to my heart; A
That quickens each pulse; and swell's every vein, of CH
But all my delights, are still mingled with pain'd bala

2. -
So strange a distemper sure; Love, cannot bring, nVV
To my knowledge: Love was, a quiete thing, dVV
So gentle and tame; that he never was knowne, vvv
So much as to wake me, when I lay alone, bVV
and so his eye, but now brimed with sweat,

But the boy is much grown; and so alter'd of late;
Hee's become a more furious passion, than him selfe,
Since, by Phillis settor'd, to the Empire of hearts.
He has new strung his Bow; and sharpen'd his darts,
And strictly the Rite's of his Crown, to maintaine,
He breaks every heart, and cuts every bosom.

4. -
My madness alas! I too plainly discover'd,
For he is at least as much Madman, as Lovet.
Who for one cruel beauty, hrendy to going,
All the Nymphs of the Stage; and theis of the Pines,
The joys of Hyde-Park, and the Maliburne delights,
To live sober all day; and chaff all the night.

SONG.

X

2026
L.

VVHilst *Alexis* lay prest
In her Arms he lov'd best,
With his hands round her Neck,
And his head on her breast,
He found the fierce pleasure too hasty to stay,
And his soul in the tempest just flying away.

• Z. .

VVhen *Celia* saw this,
With a sigh, and a kiss, said she :
She my dearest deary, I am rob'd of my bliss,
I am rob'd of my love, and unfeithfully done,
To leave me behind you, and dye all alone.

But I'll be bold to say, now you are gone,
The world, though it hath a thousand more,
Will ne'er find me ; for I'll be all alone,
And searching his last, hour, by hour, will I sit,
And weep and wail, while she dyed more fair.

And through the day'd, now my deare *Celia* now,

I'll dye my *Alexis*, and I will dye too.

4.

Thus in vain did they did try, to see if I could stand up
With all my might, to see if I durst stand up
To recover new breath ; that again the night did come,
When often they dy'd, but the more they did so,
The Nymphs dy'd more quick, and be she hard shooke

Again she did stand up ; yet still the Nymphs

2027

SONG.

SONG.

Hang the trade of versifying,

Tis lying,

But in tune;

For some will be denying,

That a Rose is fresh in June.

Besides the brother Poets,

Or show witts,

Are so fierce,

That one can pretend to no wit,

Without the exchange of a Verse.

They aim at praise,

And write for the Bayes;

Yet all they mention's a story,

And old Ben himself in the best of his days,

Ne'er knew such a thing as Glory.

To make up their Rhimes,

They'll change our times,

And make what is old seem new,

They'll tell you a tale, an a muddle of Chimes;

But the Devil a bit 'tis true.

To his Mistres with a pair of Turtles.

HO, happy Birds, my suit renew,
Let her perceive that I, like you,
Excel in constancy;
But you each other do pollute,
Mine's an inferior happiness;
She payes no love to me.

My constancy may greater, then, be thought,
Since I to Love a cruel Nymph, am taught.
You do but pay each others Love with Love;
But I by loving scorn, do fonder prove:
If, then, more love then you I boast,
Why should I more in love be crost?
Or not with hers be blest?
The height of my desire,
I might but perceive my fire
In Celia's breast.

Obeynd you speak, you certainly woud prove
This were our justice to give love for love;
Wherthrough I can't expect, I le ouvre
Two Turtie Doves, in matchless constancy.

A Rural Dance at a Shropshire Wake.

VV Ell met Joan; let us hast to the Wake,
For our Honour lies at Stake,
Didst thou see Tom, when he went to the Green,
In gay Cloathes, as ere were seen,

With Nan and Doll,
Kate and Moll,

Lads and Lasses that are brave Dancers?

Will and Dick,

Hodge and Nick,

All these are the next advancers.

Trust me Joan thou darwest best,
And art fairer then the rest:
Thou shalt now the Garland wear,
Else I'le nere be seen at Fair.

There be three

And to thee

I will plight my faith to love thee,

Say then Joan

Shall my Vowes

Or Vowes have power to move thee?

Grant me that I'le sigh and vow,

Till thou saist I'le love thee now,

I'll give thee Ale and sugar Cakes,
And carry thee to all our Wakes.

Piping Will

Singing Sill,

Shall be summoned, to our Wedding.

Andrew Tit

Was and Kutt,
Shall eat Posset at our Bedding.
Now then, I send to my obsecut, ^{thee}
That thy silence gives consent;
Let us married be to day,
For I can no longer stay,

Pris and Hodge, ^{I bnt abt j}
^{thee} Yannes and Madge;
Come a long to this our Feasting.

Smile now I am

You're to blame,

For you I find it is no jesting,

520M v. 1. 1. 2.

Send away or follow me now, O

Every body will see you come to me,

Or else all the world will see me,

To his Mistress grown common.

SONG.

What Empire (*Calis*) equal'd mine,
When I alone reign'd o'er all thine?
When all thy glories did as aptly wait
On my Devotion, as my heart woo'd bat?
When both thy heart and eyes,
All other objects did despise,
And like a sacred Votress did make,
Me thy dear Saint, and hence thy Bliss did take.
Then in what pride I liv'd, to know that there,
Whom the world ador'd, wer't rul'd by me!

But now, like Forreigners, thine Eyes,
Do gaze on all, to take a Prize.
That beauty which once center'd upon me,
Is now diffus'd, and like the Sun,
My vowes and tears pale by.
Yet know, vain *Calis*? that I
Can quietly into my self retire,
Without the danger of a second fire,
And scorn thy partial Love : his Throne
A Prince admits a sharer to his Throne.

To his Mistress in Love with another.

SONG, 2

DIdainfull Chlone, canst thou despise
 That flame which had its rise
 From thy fair Eyes? **VV**
 Or, which is crueler,
 Canst thou to mine prefer,
 Another's dull flame?
 Wilc thou dispence thy love of hate,
 Unequally like partial Fate?
 Who though it be most rigorons to some,
 For others, yet, reserves a milder Doom.

2.

If loving most, may from you most obtain,
 Consider with what pain.
 And envious care,
 I often have beheld,
 What you did my Rival yeild,
 Keeping my fire.
 Oh, if you partially proceed,
 Think, how you make your off-Spring bleed.
 When natures dictates, do the Mother bind,
 Equally to her Children to be kind.

Covent Garden Distillery.

69

Old Bass Ale & Young Bitter.

To his formerly scornful Mistress, though
now kind, as applying himself to
his Study.

No, proud insultress, know my love,
Is now fix'd rightly, far above.
The reach of fortunes frown, or thine own pride,
Nor maist thou hope 'twill ere decline.
 On cheengain,
 Here 'twill remain,
Secure from folly, to reward,
With like contempt, this disregard :
For here, as on Olympos plac'd, I spie
The giddy World mislead by foolery.

2.

My love, this will never dye,
Since here I have variety :

Then hope not it will so debase
It self, to doat upon thy face :

It was thy hate
That did create

F 3

To me this happyness, and so
Thy former first did prove my foe,
For gazing, like an harmless Foreigner,
On thy bewitching features, I did err,

But, to my self, return'd, thy pride
Deservedly I do despise,
And, seated here, I do desie
The wanton glances of thine Eye :
Then mirth, and chide
Th' excess of Pride,
That made thee lose that heate, which now
With all thy might thou canst neebow ;
Since now with more delight, I daily prove
The pleasures of revenge, then those of love,

.5.

A Song.

A SONG.

CLear's I bane, beheld and view,
And coole me with a sigh from you;
I fry in Flames, and still consume,
Although the Nise is all Perfume.

To be in Oyl of Roses drown'd,
Or Water, wher's the difference found?
Both bring one death, and death will be
Unwelcome any way to me.

Then, gentle Maid, some pity show:
Destroy not him, that joyes you so:
A lass, I call, but ah! I see,
There is no hope in store for me.

SONG.

SO closely, closely press'd,
 In this Clymene's Arms young Damon lay.
 Panting, in that transport to over blissful life,
 He seem'd just ready, fast to dye away.
 Clymene beheld him with amorous Eyes,
 And thus betwixt sighing and kissing she cries,
 Oh make not such haste to be gone ;
 Tis too much unkind,
 While I stay behind,
 For you to be dying alone.

This made the youth, now, drawing to his end,
 The happy moment of his death suspend :
 But with so great a pain,
 His flying Soul he did retain, till
 That with himself he seem'd at home,
 Whether to let our Love, or keep it safe,
 Then she who already was haffing to Death,
 Said softly, and trembling, and all out of breath,
 Oh now my dear let us go ;
 Dye with me, Damon, for now I dye too :
 Thus dyed they, but 'twas offo secret a death,
 That so to dye again, they took new breath.

Song.

SONG.

A Way with this legal Feuition,
The penance of Flegmatick Love,
Devised by some old Politician :
Whose sinewes, no longer could move.

Since wrenching is madish, and beauty is a curse,
Why should we neglect defects of a man's face ?
• bbbVV2. o1 b'ndgaoz zis e200 G and

The husband has all the vexation, ~~and care~~ ;
The quarrels and care of the Shees, ~~and care~~,
Fair Perriwigs and Fops, in'th Pashion,
Nor nothing enjoy all the sweets.

Since, &c.

3.

If the Wife has Witt, Beauty, or Portion,
Fine Cloathes and Gallants must be had,
She followes the Court for Promotion ;
And beigh for the new Masquerade.

Since, &c.

When the Chaos was made a Creation
 And all things in order did move,
 The wisest in every nation

VVent into all they did love. A
 Since, etc. T

5.

Bees have a world of new pleasure,
 To themselves may any where feed,
 The Bees have all nature's sweet treasure,
 But Drones are confin'd to a VVeed.

Since wrenching is no odds, and breaking is nothing,
 Why should we meddle with the doffs of a man?

P
 Since, etc. S

The Willow-wearing Lover's Discomforts
Complaints.

VHEN first I beheld my fair *Philotess* face,
She appear'd like an Angel to me ;
But when her dear love

She vouchsaf'd me to prove,
I was blest with what mankind could be,

Did you I perceive ?

She has toy'd, and has ta'l'd, when abroad we have
And at home all delights have express'd ;
Her discourse, and her pat'ns,

Would have ravish'd all hearts to the highest pitch
That ever with her had converg'd.

3.

When we were alone, then I gaz'd on her face,
And the more I did gaze I admir'd ;
No words could speak,

I left my heart it should break no

But with sigh's ic told what I depriv'd

Her frown's would sometimes put me into despair,
But her smiles did create me new bliss;
Though my death had me seiz'd,
Yet, if she were but pleas'd,
She could give me new life with a kiss.

In fine, all perfections that ever were seen
In all beauties, in her did abond;
With Loves sweets most divine,
Did my Philomell shine;
Oh! her Parallel's not to be found.

But mark what false fortune unto me has done,
My delights were too great long to stay, till blow
For those sweets which she sware
Should increase ever more,
In one moment all vanish'd away.

For her faith she has broak, and denies me those joys
Which in freedom, I oft have possess'd; you need
No further to know I'm sorri'd; for in a daze I was

And, alas, I am made
The most wretched, who was the most blest.

8.

With melancholly sighs I am tormented each day,
My discourses, houtly, increase;
My mind is perplext,
And my heart sore opprest,
And my soul will ne're be at peace.

9.

Therefore, oh you gods, I am firmly resolv'd
Your power shan't my passion controul;
I'll dye for her sake,
And in death I'll make a noble end,
A Love-offering to her of my Soul.

Sham ms I. 2.2.5. b3A

Prologue.⁸

To the Knight of the burning Pestle.

Famy here have ancient Records
 Of Amadis, or doughty Palmerin;
 Of Squire, and Dwarf, and of enchanted Wood,
 And taken true delight in Gyants blood.
 Such we infuse with confidence, to laugh
 At the stout Arms, and Monuments of Ralph,
 Of Ralph, who humbly does each Lady greet,
 And layes Burning Pestle at her feet.
 This to the Learned sir does now remaine,
 We descend upward to the vulgar Swaine:
 And gravely tell him, that our Fletchers wit,
 Has here barkeyn'd all he himself had wrte.
 And quid, that is, has turn'd to ridicule,
 No one would say, has wisely play'd the fool,
 Mock love, mock passion, that is full to say,
 That it were, basfarc'd a Play,
 Sir Gallant, is that Play, which for your sake,
 We now revive, and doubt not it will take
 You in our present Age.
 Not only every wif, Lampoons his brother,
 But men are all antipodes to one another,

Couent Garden Drollerie.

It Burgundy and Malm, the great ones rayle,
But their blind sides are found in Mum and Ale.
Therefore laugh on, and rally all you can,
For there's no Fop like to your absent man:
The world will laugh at what you do or say,
Then laugh you, for a clubs am qual thy,
As good fall on, since you are sure to pay.

VV

Epilogue.

THe Prologue durst not tell, before 'twas seen,
The Plot we has to swinge the *Maiden Queen*,
For had we, then, discover'd our intent,
The Fop, who writ it, had not giv's consent,
Or the new peaching trick, at least said Thomas,
And brought in others faults to hide his own,
That wit he has been by his betters taught,
Whom he's accus'd to shew another's fault;

Whom wit's honed hard, by joyn't conser
To be a boorwyt and does prevent,
I say them spy Hares full soyl the foyl the foyl
That poor Poor would have been'd to say,
Not from the heard, I singled me my self,
Then high along with me----
Both great and small, you Poets of the world,
And Nature will love you, or to run him.

*Prologue to Horace, spoken by the
Duchess of Monmouth at
Court.*

When Honour flourish'd ere for price 'twas sold
 When Rome was poor, and undebauch with
 That vertue which should to the world give Law (gold.
 First under Kings, its Infant breath did draw :
 And Horace, who, his Sovereigns Champion fought
 In first example to republique's taught.
 Honour and Love, the Poets dear delight,
 The field in which all Modern Muses fight ;
 When gravely Rayme, debates what's just and fit,
 And seeming contradictions palls for wit.
 Here in their native Purity first grew,
 Ere they th' Adulterate arts of Stages knew.
 This Martial story, which through France did come,
 And there was wrought in great Cornelius' Toom.
 By marchion's Music to Britain brought,
 And when Venet, our English Accents taught.
 Now to our shame, we understand,
 They could not fall, but from a Ladies hand.
 Then while a Woman, Horace did translate,
 Horace did rise a boy & Roman Fate.
 And

And by our Ladies he mounts higher yet,
VVhile he is spoke above, what he is witt,
But triumphant Honour, are to come
VVhen, mighty Prince, he must receive your Doom;
From all besides our Actors have no fear,
Censure, and Witt, are beauties Vassals here.
And should they with Rebellion, tempe their rage,
Our Bassisks, could shew 'em from the Stage,
But that their Fate, would be two great eye,
By bright *Sabina's* or *Camilla's* Eye.

I know youe cannot looke so less
The reason whye I doe not trouble me ;
Whereto thowt freece my selfe I say,
Yon swallows, unto your places away,
Whch cunnes look about ys dittes regge,

For eevryt hee can doo bisellis neare,
For eevryt I oac perreates dont witing,
Ieake to youe chyld, whiche shes to ooe,
Ieake to youe chyld, whiche shes to ooe,
Whch eevryt hee can doo bisellis neare,
SONG.

Nowe younge shapemant hee shal leare,
To seeke his fortune, oac hee shal leare,
Nowe younge shapemant hee shal leare,

SONG.

Since Orlia, yond thy passion knew,
And every look my Dchie doth showe
Since I mett, which / bidst / way, I
To your left Rule, and last give'st way,
A Slave to all the motions of your will,
Why would you ha' me Pine and Languish still.

I know you cannot love to see
The many pains that torture me ;
When at your Feet my self I lay,
You always turn your Eyes away.
Beauty a Sosse is from its nature takes,
Which cannot look upon the Wounds it makes.

In Scorn you can no pleasure find,
For constant Love perverts your mind :
Nor do you think, while thus to one,
To give your charming self alone,
Much of your youth and beauty needs must wait,
For there's no one can half their sweetnesse taft.

When you hereafter wiser grow,
And further joyes in Love shall know,
With what regret will you repen,

The time you've in unkindness spent!
 Trust me, a thousand times you'll wish in vain,
 To call those slighted Minutes back again.

Prologue to a reviv'd Play.

Old Playes like Mistresses, long since enjoy'd,
 Long after please, whom they before had enjoy'd;
 For Fancy shew's the Cudd on past delight,
 And cheats it self to a new Appetite.
 But then this second fit comes not so strong,
 Like second Agues, neither fierce nor long -
 What you have known before, grows sooner stale,
 And lets provokes you, then an uncold tale.
 That but refreshes what before you knew,
 But this discovers something that is new;
 Hence 'tis, that at new Playes you come so soon,
 Like Bride-grooms, holt to go to Bed ere noon;
 Or, if you are deain'd some little space,
 The Rinking Foorman's, sent to keep your place.
 But, when a Play's reviv'd, you stay and dine,
 And drink till three, and then come dropping in;
 As Husband after absence, wait all day,
 And desirably for Spouse, till bed time lay.
 So, ere the brether's liberal fit was spent,
 The full wise Nonconformist, under weet
 With eale, and battend in impisement.

For greater gains, his zeal refus'd the less;
 Each day to him was worth a Diocese.
 But he who now, in hopes of equal gain,
 Will needs be Pris'ner, tries the trick in vain;
 He melts in durane half his Grease away,
 To get, like us, poor twenty Pounds a day.

¶
To my friend, Master Tho. St. Serf.

Before we saw thy Play, dear Tom, we thought,
 No Spanish Merchandize, was worth the Fraught;
 But we will fuffit thy Country-men no more,
 For you, we see, grow rich, as we grow poor.
 You get the Bayes, while we get only Mocks,
 As you got Pizz's, whil: we got but Knock's.
 We thought none Playes but what were English made,
 That wif, like Wool, had been our staple trade.
 But thou hast found the trick (as others do,)
 Us with our own materials to undoe;
 Henceforth we'll have a privy search decreed,
 For every cranic Muse, that pallies Tweed.
 A knap of Govenours, shall stop thee there,
 And search thy Pack, for Anti-kirkall ware.
 Once like a Pedler, they have heard thee brag,
 How thou didst chear their Sighs, and iayc thy Crag;
 When to the great Montrose, under pretence
 Of godly busse, thou broughtst intelligence.

But, hear ye, as a friend, let me advise,
Trust not too far, that national disguise.
If thou art caught, no wit Gronisque can b' em,
They'll never spare a man, that so can gibe 'em:
Nor is't the loc'rent, of us English Poets,
To suffer any but our selves, to grow wits.
To show great Nature in Heroique story,
Or in the Comique, Power, and Flame, and Glory;
Once and a way, we let you make us merry,
With the rare vertues, of the Coffee-Berry.
But shall grow, jealous of your Muse, and hector,
When we are hector'd on our own Theater.
And if a second time, you tread our Stage,
We, with the Kirk, against you must engage:
As two weak States, when they have struggled long,
Unite against a third, that grows too strong.

Epilogue spoken by the Lady Mary
Mordant, before the King and Queen,
at Court, to the faithfull Shepheardeſſ.

VVVhen Princes in distress, would peace implore,
They firſt take care to choose th' Ambassador,
And think him fitteſt for a charge ſo geaſt,
Who beſt can pleafe that King with whom they treat,
Or Play they threatn'd with a tragique Fate,
I, Sir, am choſe for this affair of State :
And hope, what euer errors we confeſſ,
You'll pardon to the young Ambaſſadreſſ.
If not, though now theſe little Ladies are,
In no condition, to maintain a VVar ;
Their beaukies will in time grow up ſo strong,
That on your Court, they may revengē the wrong,

Prinſep

Prologue to *Albumazar.*

To say this Comedy, pleas'd long ago,
Is not enough to make it please you now:
Yet gentlemen, your Ancestors had witt,
When few men censur'd, and fewer writ,
And Johnson of those few, the best chose this,
And the best modell of his master piece;
Subtile was gor, by our *Albumazar*,
That Alchamist by this Astrologer.
Here he was fashion'd, and I should suppose,
He likes my fashion well, that wears my Cloaths,
But Ben made nobly his, whar he did mould,
What was another's Lead, became his Gold:
Like an unrighteous Conqueror he Rules us,
Yet Rules that well, which he usurpeth gains,
But this our age, such Authors does afford,
As make whole Playes, and yet scarce write a word,
Who in this Anarchy of witt rob, all,
And what's their Plunder, their Possession call.
Who like bold Padders, scorn by night to prey,
But Rob by Sun-shine, in the face of day;
Who scarce the common Ceremony use,
Of Hand, Sir, and deliver up your Muse,
But knock the Poet down; and, with a grace,
Mount *Pegasus*, before the Owners face.

London Gard'ne Drollery.

Faith if you have such Country Toms abroad,
Tis time for all true men to leave that Road.
Yet it were modest, could it but be sed,
They stript the living, but they rob the dead;
They walk with the mummyey of the Minces play,
And make love to 'em, the Egyptian way.
Or as a Rhyming Author would have sed,
Joyn the dead living, to the living dead;
Yet such is Poetry, may claim some part,
They have the Licence, though they want the Art,
Such as in Spain might for Laurels stand,
Poets, not of the head, but of the hand;
They make their benefit of others finding,
Much like the meales of Politick, Jack-Pudding.
Where Brach to claim, there's no one has the courage,
Tis all his ows, after he has spit i' th' Porridge;
But Geodemen, y're all concern'd in this,
You are in fault, for what they do a mis,
For they their Thefts, will undiscov'r d think,
And don't not Steal, unless you please to wink;
Now should we Letters of reprizall seal,
These men write that, which no man else would seal.

SONG

A S O N G.

Upon yon pleasing Plain,
Alexis thought, fair Cloris heart to gain;
And therefore he unto her every day,
Did sing, and on his Pipe, would sweetly play.
Most pleasing Tunes to give delight,
Unto this beauteous Nymph so bright.
She that had wounded him with her fair light.

2.

But the obdurate Maid,
No g'it but unkindness, to his sufferings paid;
For when of love, he unto her did speak,
And's passion high'd, as if his heart would break.
Nothing prevail'd 'twas all in vain,
She flew from him in proud disdain,
And left Alexis, sadly to complain.

3.

Then to the neighbouring Grove,
Poor Swain he went, and there his honest home

Merry

Alone

Evening Garden Dressings.

Alone he mourn'd, and in that gloomey shade,
Did grieve that he her bate and scorn was made ;
With peevish lookes, and arms a crois,
Tears he did lament her loss,
To whom all Beauties in the world are Dross.

4.

Perplext a while he fare,
Upon the Ground, complaining of his Fate,
Against a Tree he gently laid his head,
In hope to sleep, but rest from him was fled.
He then start up, and once more went
To her who caus'd his discontent,
To try if she would yet his Death prevent.

5.

A hard hearted Maid, said he,
Dost thou hate him, that so doars on thee,
That I've brought, to feed with thine all day,
And work the while, in harmles sports did play.
When I knew my love, I did make known,
When all my hopes too soon were gon,
Alas ! you leit me to lament alone.

6.

Cruel, but yet most fair;
Once more leit him, whom you have made despair.

Couvent Garden Droller

Will your severity ne're daigne to give
One kind return of Love, and let me live?
Here at your Feet, behold I lye,
And here by Heaven, I vow to dye,
If you my passion still with base desye.

7.

But all his plaints were vain,
She proudly scornd to ease him of his pain:
Which when he saw nor Tears nor Prayers could move,
Her heart with Pitty, ere to yeild him Love,
He sigh'd much more, and nought could speake,
But Cloris, with a voice so weak,
That, as he cal'd on her, his heart did break.

8.

When Cloris saw him dead,
She stood amaz'd, her frighted spirirs fled:
O're him she wept, and weeping she did say,
Stay dear *Alexis*, Cloris bids thee stay.
Then fetch'd a sigh, and faintly cry'd
Alexis, I will be thy Bride,
And as she spoke these words, fair Cloris dy'd.

SONG

Covent Garden Drollerie.

SONG.

I Led my *Silvia* to a Grove,
Where all the Boughs did shade us.
The Sun it self, though it had shone,
It could not make the day d^rone.
The place began to seem a humane eye,
No other fear about,
But when the Wind do gently rise,
And kill the yielding Boughs we go to.

Down there we sat upon the Mols,
And did begin to play.

A thonland wanton chick, to pass
The heat of the midday sun, did
Come to the place where we were,
O'er whom the wind did blow,
Shee durst not come to us, for feare
To see us, for shee durst not be requird,
Till shee did see us, then did shee say,

Come hither, I am already fir'd :

Did you see me, and claspe her sound,
Without that may thoughts express,

And laid her gently on the ground;

Oh! who can guess the rest?

A Song to a Scotch tune.

Come my Phillis, let us improve
Both our joy of equal love,
Whil'st we in yonder shady Grove,
Count Minutes by our kisses,
See the Flowers how I weep, they spread,
And each displayes his scorner head,
To make for us a fragrant Bed.

To practise o're new blisses:

The Sun it self, with love does compare,
And sends abroad his ardour fire,

And kindly seems to bid us fare,

And made us from his Glory

This world comic, and a mere show,

All that your Slave defieethize,

Philis, will you love to hear

Him say what he does adore you,

2.

Will you love me so,

When the long's go,

Will

Covent Garden Brollers.

Why should you now refuse to do,

What you so oft have vow'd me?

Did I're your bounty abuse,

Or you our severest commands refuse?

Nay, rather, chose to languish them to lose

The perfect respect I owe to you,

Yet *Phillis*, some reward is due,

To him, who dayly does renew

The passion which he has for you,

And is a faithfull Lover.

Then come, my dearest, be not shy,

Thou know'st my heart, and my secrets,

Wait not this opportunity,

When none can our joyes, discover.

Phillis, in vain you shed these tears,

Why do you blush, which speak your fears?

There's none but you! *Aminus* hears,

What means this pretty passion?

Can you fear your fancies will cloy

That is but the blessings do i joy?

Oh, no; such needless fears destroy:

This niceies out of Fashion.

When thou hast done, by *Parr* I swarre,

Thou with mine mine eyes appear

A thousand times more charming and fair;

Then thou went to my first desire,

That smile was kind: and now thou'rt wife,

Coy and Gardes Drallery.

To throw away that coy disgnis,
And by the vigor of thy eyes
Declare thy yontherand fire.

Song to a Scottish tune,

Vhen Jemmy, first began to Love,
He was the fittest Swain
That ever yet a flock had drove,
O danc'd upon the Plain.
I'was you that I, way's me poor heare,
My freedome threw a way,
And binding sweets in every smart,
I could not say him nay.
And ever when he spoke of Love,
He would his eyes decline,
And every sigh, woud take a heart,
Gued faith, and why not mine ?
He'd press my Hand, and kiss it oft,
His silence spoke his flame,
And whilst he treated me taut soft,
I wist him more to blame.

Sometimes to feed my flockes with him,
My Jemmy would invite me,
There he the gayest Songs would sing,
On purpose to delight me.

And

And *I* every grace display'd,
Which were enough, I know,
To conquer any princely Maid.
So did he me I vow.

But now for *I* must I mourn,

Where the *V*ans must go,

His Sheep-book to a Sword must turn;

Alas! what shall I do?
His Bag-pipe into war-like sounds.

Must now exchanged be,
Instead of Garlands, scarfull *V*ounds:

Then what becomes of me?

Damon being asked a reason for Loveling.

*P*rofess, you ask me why I do perfuse,
Court no other nymph but you;
And for her secret signs I do betray,
A person which I dare not say;

The same I love, and if you ask me why,
VVith womans answers I must reply.

You ask me what Arguments I have to prove
That my muse proceeds from Love?

You'll

Covent Garden Drollerie.

You'll not believe my passion, till I show
A better reason why tis so ;
Then, *Phillis*, let this reason serve for one,
I know I love, because my reasons gone.

You say, a love like mine must needs declare
The object so belov'd, nor fair;
That neither wit nor beauty in her dwell,
Whose lover can no reason tell :
Why 'tis he does adore, or why he burns ;
Phillis, let them give such that have returns.

For, by the self same reason, which you use,
Danson might justly you accuse :
Why do you scorn, and with a proud disdain,
Receive the Vowes, but slight the Swain ?
You say you cannot love, yet know no cause,
May I not prove my love, by your own Lawes.

Am I not youthful, and as gay a Swain
As e're appear'd upon the Plain ?
Have I not courted you with all' address,
An amorous Shepheard could proes ?
To add to this, my Flocks and Heards, are great ;
Yet this will scarce my happiness compleat.

Thus you no reason for your coldnes give,
And tis but just you should believe
That all your beauty undorn'd by me
Have bare, and not oblig'd my heart.

Be kind to that, return my passion too; for I do Y
And I'll give reason why I love you so. A

When I did first your looks espied, I did then
Forget all care, and did then sing,

SONG.

VVhen reason ore my heart did sway,
Then subject passions did obey,
And freedom, full I most did crave,
Not thinking e're to be Loves slave;

Till he most cunning by surprise,
Stole in, and fixt my wandering eyes.

My reason then my passion led
To th' pleasing joys, my fancy feeds, o'er all
Which for a time did so transcend,
I thought they ne're could have an end;

And nothing then did grieve me more.

Then what I had nor lost before
When I my freedom did range,
My joy unerringly did change
My measures still mine thoughts were cast,
And still my joys old something wane;
Till in her center fire by love,
Sister of woes I proved.

Covent Garden Drolleries.

Blest with loves chains, I thus did live;
But for it could no reason give :
My pleasures were too sweet to last,
And by disdain were soon o're cast.

Another's flame her heart assailed,
Which prov'd her love so me w^t false.

5.
My love then score'd, dy'd with disgrace,
And reason once again took place ;
When reason comes, love must depart :
Both ne're at once, liv'd in a heart.

Strange that I should so foolish prove,
And thos to be mislead by love.

SONG. Modis sonobivog
flot vermoig-eh-ih adi emi adi : flut
Long did fair Phillis love a Swain,
Who, as 'twas thought, repaid again
With interest her kindness.
Their love's, but looks, not equal were :
The only cause of all their fear :

This prov'd godly punishment,
With equal flames, a while they burn'd alive,
When one, both did rejoice or mourn,
Their hearts so went farr'd.
Let a new love did him succeed,
Which prov'd the first, was bar for need.

Though may be 'twas not heare'd.

Covent Garden Drolleries.

3.

A Gallant comes, (Gallants can do
Much with young Maids, and old ones too)

And lovingly accost her ;
The unjust Nymph , did court his flame,
More eagerly then e're the Swain

Did hers before he left her.

4.

The Swain forgot, the match is made,
With the new love; though as 'twas laid,

He had no mind to marry,
Hymen to light his Torch they call.
The Nymphs and Swains invited all,
To see him reach his Quay.

5.

But providence the Mattinge cost,
Just at the time the Bride-groom's lost;

When he should be a doing;
It cost her many sighs, and tears,
With little joy, and many fears,
Ere Hymen ends the woeing.

This woman doth plainly shew,
When ill withdraw their smiles from those
Who love and most affect them;
Which fortune unmerciful returns,
And commonly does make them burn.

For those that most neglect them,
Sore sorry were, but many smil'd.

And said the Nymph the Swain beguiled,
Because he did not grieve her;
Some cry'd the plains he would desert,
Or that despair would break his heart;
But faith 'twas no such matter.

SONG.

Truest joy must arise,
From a woman's bright Eyes,
For there is the perfectest bliss;
Till we can obtain,
Betwixt pleasure and pain,
The enjoyments that follow a Kiss.

2.

For Love after scorning,
And joy after mourning,
Are always far better accepted,
Then that love which we gain,
Without trouble or pain,
From a Mis, who us never neglected.

3.

For when with a home-touch,
She is tickled so much,
That it makes her cry, oh, it does make me
Oh! oh; then does succeed,
Those true pleasures indeed,
Which what I aradise is 'does instruct me.'

H 3

SONG.

Covens Garden Droller.

SONG.

Fond man that hopes to catch a face,
Whose every grace
Will strike thy heart with an amazing terror,
Her beauties shine
So like divine,
That they'll convince thee of thy foolish error.

2.
Mark but that glance, which now did fly
From her bright Eye,
And tell me then, can any Mortal draw
A Line by art
Like that fierce Dart,
Which all the subject world can keep in awe?

3.
Hark to that heavenly voice, which can
Transport a man
Beyond the raptures of the heavenly Spheres;
As soon you may
Create a day,
Or sweet Aurora's beauties Lymo, as hers.

4.
Leave then thy bold attempt to Fate,
Who must create
New Fancies, which must heavenly power receive,
For grant that hercules
Apelles were,
She, as his fruities the Birds, would him deceive.

SONG

NO justice he had, that first did approve
To cast down high Honour, and set up fond Love.
Though love we confess, bay the apierer state,
Yet old things we see, grow most out of date.

2.
Love after injument, does seldame prove good;
But honour, for ever, does raise in the bloud
That just like the Smoke, does quickly expire,
But this does, for ever, remain like Fire.

3.
Love must unto Honour, precedency give,
That dyes with the Subject, when Honour does dye.
'Tis that that keeps love out of the Dust,
For love without honour, at best, is Lust.

4.
To be scorned in Love, is a most cruel Fate,
And thus we prove Honour, the happier state.
For old things we know, must give place unto new,
Then cast back fond Love, and give Honour her due.

A Country Dialogue.

God Morrow Dolly, I Salute thee,
After our own Country way,

Doll.

Now, by my Maiden-head *Will*, I thank thee,
And good Morrow to thee I say.

Yent Maiden-head, you pretty Dowdy,
What a limping look thou hast!

Methinks thou shew'st a pretty maiden
In all parts below thy waist.

Doll.

And now below my waist, I pray you
To be cover'd with my Cloaths,

I am for something naked,
I am back in my Hose,
I am to my Occultaries, bad bold red cast
I think thou ne're did see,

I will please thee without measure
poor Rogit, I'll give to thee;
But before *Doll*, I me come to woe thee,
I know well my mind and what I means;

Couvent Garden Drolleries.

I'le give thee that shall fill thy belly,

Wast thou ne're so poor or leane,

I'de fain be married, prhee tell me,

When shall be our Wedding day?

Doll.

First let me know how well you love me;

Then you shall hear what I Will say,

Will.

I love thee, *Dolly*, more, and better,

Then our *Browny* loves her Calf,

Oh, *Doll*, my tongue can never utter

All my love to thee, nor half,

Tis even such, my dearest *Dolly*,

Though I not angry am at all,

That with my teeth, I could rare from

All thy Clothes, thy Smock and all,

Oh love me then, thou pretty Doxey,

Which art thy true and faithful Lover,

Quench thou my fire which else will burn,

And straight way make my Port unever,

Doll.

Well, if your love be so exceeding,

As you do protest and say,

I can no longer then deny you,

But yeild to love without delay,

And we'll me married my dear home,

To morrow morn with all my heart,

I'm glad we have agreed so quickly,

And from thee I'le never part,

Cards *Warden Drollery*

Doll. I'll give thee kiss to bind the bargain; o'er and o'er we fly. We shall be all thy love and joy, to wife I'd fain be married, my dear till we see Mankind. When I'll be married be out, But we might always kiss and toy.

Will. This let me tell you, for I am full of thee my *Dolly*; I faish will be, when I have toy. Oh! there is a Breath most sweet, And yet tis something strong at parting, And doth smel like stinking Eder.

Doll. Kiss me again, again I pray thee, oh there, oh there; Oh there, oh there; Oh that! oh that!

Will. Though I have seen a sound, and say he so mad of Kissing, I'll run stark mad if you know what I say. *Doll.* What else I th' morning will thou fetch me? What shall come toward? I'll come with the wind, and I'll wait on thee, And have no one for me.

Will. I'll go to bed ere I'm up, but be ready, as good as ever I'll be. *Doll.* I'll be busy in the house for me big shee, And I'll be busy in the house for me little shee, And I'll be busy in the house for me Honey, And I'll be busy in the house for me Honey. To tell those sweets I oft heard on; I'll tell them all, Which

Courant Garden-Brooklyne

Which are rais'd by Cupids Fire.

I'll straight go home and make me ready,
Then will I wait till you do call.

Will.

Do, for to morrow night, I tell thee,

We will play at upstairis all;

We'll dance & dance, I faith shall please thee
Up and down, and never miss,

Instead of turning we'll keep dancing,

And when we have done then we will kiss,

Thou'dst wish that thou mightest dance so ever,

Oh 'twill give thee such content,

Doll.

I shall not sleep for thinking on thee,

And of our next nights merriment,

But now we know each other's meaning,

Let's prepare against the night,

I may enjoy those sports thou art of,

Which will yeild me such delight.

Couvent Garden Drolleries.

Coridon's Contemplation.

VV Hen *Sue* and *Moll* a milking went,

Then *Will* and I hied thither,
And as they milk'd by them we lay,
Makeing our Love's together,

He complemented his dear *Moll*,
And so did I my *Sue*:

Oh ! never yet was men so blest,
Wish th' love of two so true.

But when their milking they had done,

Then did begin our bliss;
We lay upon the Ground and talk'd,

He smil'd and did hisse.

4.

Young hours was quickly spent,

With harmless pleasure,

Which their Sweet-hearts give,

Love-time and leisure.

5.

With Cake and Cheese,

We eat our fill,

Which Rogues had brought with them,

For such *Will*.

6. *Moll.*

Covent Garden Drillery.

6.

Moll, gave to *Will* a new lac'd Band,
She bought it at our Fair:
It's fellow pretty *Sue* had got,
And gave it me to wear.

But now poor Maid's they must go home,
No longer durst they stay,
Moll kiss't her *Will*, and *Sue* kiss't me,
Then sighing went away.

8.
Oh ! such true Love's was never heard of,
Nor ever yet was seen,
In all the Country far and near,
As they to us have been.

Therefore at th' Wake's we'll carry them to
Whence ere the Fidlers play,
We'll give 'em Sider, Allend Collywacke,
And dance with none but they.

Colonial Garden Driftwood

The Wood-Man's Son.

—
This way, this way, home and bear,
You that hold these pleasure dear;
Your care with our sweet sound,
Build we pitch the frozen Ground.

